

Growing Up- A Hime-chan no Ribbon Fanfic

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Category: Hime-chan no Ribbon

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-20 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-20 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:11:22

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,598

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Himeko Nonohara is now 23, but has she really grown up?

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>From beaubird@UVic.CA Mon Nov 17 16:14:55 1997
Date: Fri, 7 Nov 1997 20:16:52 -0800 (PST)

>From: "R. D. Beaubien" <beaubird@uvic.ca>
To: beaubird@mail.anime.usacomputers.net

>Subject: [FFML] [Hime-chan's] Hime-chan's No Ribbon Short Fic (fwd)

>

>Richard Beaubien Presents

>A Hime-chan's no Ribbon Short Fic

>Growing Up

>*****

> It was a cool fall Sunday afternoon, with the sun shining through
the window in an attempt to provide heat to the room. The light itself

>glistened off the table, where their was room to glisten that is. The
table itself was mostly covered with lose papers and other remnants of

>stuff that suggested the desk was in constant (though not organized) use.
Only one corner of the desk seemed to be in proper order, and it contained

>a family picture, a stuffed lion, and a slightly worn red ribbon.

> A small sigh could be heard as the door slowly opened to reveal
a young 23 year old girl drying her hair with a towel. With a rather loud

>sigh Nonohara Himeko jumped onto her bed, and began to stare at the
ceiling, her long hair spread all over the pillow. She smirked to herself,

>the decision to grow her hair long had certainly lead to many problems,
one of them being hair care. But then it also created

many good things

>too, one of them being that she absolutely looked stunning with long hair.
If their was any doubts that the young tomboy would ever grow into a woman

>they were certainly put to rest when they met Himeko today.

Even
Hibano-san was startled by her looks, and that caused Himeko to grin.

>
 But it was a Sunday, and since Himeko was planning to spend most

>of the day indoors cleaning up from her recent move which meant neatness
in the hair department was not required. After all she had to finish the

>moving job she started last week. Of course that could be done after a few
minutes of napping on the bed. Which was certainly well within the plans

>of Himeko for this day. She laughed and turned over again, this time to
face the window and the light that glistened off the desk and it's

>contents. One region in particular seemed to shine brighter than the most,
it was the region with the stuffed doll and the ribbon.

>
 It was the area of the desk that held Pokota.

>
 For awhile Himeko just stared into the eye's of the stuffed doll

>on the desk, and even though it's gaze remained the same as when she first
picked up (as far as Himeko could remember, her memories where a bit foggy

>as to when she picked up Pokota) she almost felt as if the eye's held a
bit of anticipation to them. A growing anticaption, almost as if it wanted

>to talk to Himeko. Himeko almost laughed at that thought, a talking
stuffed animal was something kid's believed in. It was almost as silly as

>believing in a magic kingdom, flying broom and a ribbon that could turn
you into another person. Himeko once believed in these things when she was

>a kid, back when she was going to school with Hibano-san and I-chan,
having classes with Gouri-sensei, and going to school with Daichi.

>
 Himeko frowned at that thought, it was when Daichi moved away that

>she started to grow up. At first he moved to another district in Tokyo
when they were still in junior high. But somehow they kept their

>relationship kept together, as Daichi somehow commuted to school so
they could still be together. After they were destined to be together, or

>so Himeko thought after visiting the future. Of course visiting the future
isn't possible, and Daichi and Himeko weren't destined to be together.

>
 It had all started with Daichi moving really, Himeko remembered.

>It was when he moved that Himeko started to grow up. It was when
they were 17, and Daichi suddenly moved to Osaka. It wasn't really

>his's fault, and his father really couldn't pass up the job as a police
chief. They tried to stay together, visiting each other on the weekends

>and going on trips all over Japan. But eventually the pressure of finals
caught up to the both of them, and they eventually stopped

seeing each
>other to study. And after that it was not all that surprising to find out
that started to date other people. For all intents a purposes that part of
>life was over for Himeko, she had grown up.

> Again she stared into the eyes of Pokota who seemed more and more
eager to talk to her, which was rather impossible for an inanimate object
>to do. She wondered why she kept the old doll and the ribbon around.
Perhaps it was to remember Daichi and the times they had together. But
>that wasn't the reason really, since the two of them had met a couple of
times over the last few years. They had since become friends, and have
>even shown each other their respective dates thought they were often
doomed to failure. Of course there was no talk of them getting back
>together. They were just friends weren't they. After all she had grown up.

> Pokota seemed to increase his glare at Himeko when she thought
that. It almost looked like it was going to leap out at her if she didn't
>talk to it. But it couldn't talk could it, nothing that was inanimate could
talk to anyone. It just simply couldn't happen, could it. She sighed, the
>memories still vivid of her changing into other people which was just her
imagination. But then she did change into other people when she went on
>stage an acted. She did it every night, and she did it so well that it
became her job. A job so important that she didn't need to think of
>childish things, that she didn't have a chance to win back Daichi. That
there really was an Erika out there, looking at her through a crystal ball
>and sharing her tragedies with her along with her success. That couldn't
happen...
>
 But they we're vivid in her mind, memories that seemed to flood.
>Memories that stopped her from giving Pokota to Yumeko when she went to
university. Sure she kept it in a box for the first year, but she just
>couldn't bear to part with it. Perhaps it could comfort her when she
needed it, and it seemed to do it when ever she struggled through tests or
>assignments (though it still puzzled her as to why she brought it out of
it's box at times like that....). It was her friend, her best friend
>sometimes...And even though it couldn't talk...

> If it could talk though they would still be friends
Himeko
smiled. Perhaps they could share some of the hurt she had, the fact that
>she really never got over Daichi. The fact that when ever she met him she
always wondered if they could get together again. But that was an immature
>thought, and she had to grow up. She had to get over Daichi. And that
meant giving up all thoughts of him, and all of these fantasies about
>magic. They where immature, weren't they.

> Again Pokota glared at her, this boring deep into the sole of
Himeko. She had changed, she was no longer a young tomBoy, she

was full
>grown woman. Yet still, those feeling nagged at her. She was a grown up
now. She couldn't stay in the past, she had to move on. She had to give up
>her childish things. But what was childish, she thought to herself.
It was
imagining things like the magic kingdom and brooms wasn't it? Or maybe it
>was something more, maybe it was dedication to her friends. Maybe it was
just believing to something and sticking to it.
>
 Slowly she made her way over to the ribbon, all the while

>thinking that grown up really shouldn't think dolls could talk.
They
weren't human, or intelligent. But then a grown up shouldn't just abandon
>a friend. And Pokota was her friend, he was their through thick and
thin...He was with her always. Holding back a tear, she slowly put the
>ribbon on and waited to see what happened. When nothing did, she slowly
walked back to the bed and just lay there. It was all just a dream, wasn't
it.
> "Hime-chan?"

> "Pokota!?! "

> "HIME-CHAN!!!"

> It was real, Himeko cried as she ran over to hug her friend.
The
tears of the past few years. At last they could be reuniated because she
>had over come her stubbornness, a stubbornness that nearly cost a
friendship.
"Pokota, I have to make a phone call, Okay...Well talk after that."
>Hime-chan smiled as she placed the lion down.

> "But to whom?"

> "An old friend, and hopefully a future friend," Hime-chan grinned
as she left the room. "But first, let's do what we used to do to cheer our
>selves up?"

> "Really!!!"

> "Yup, Let's do it...Ike, Ike, Go go JUMP!!!" Himeko yelled as she
jumped in the air, finally growing up after all these years..

>
The End...
>
C&C always welcome...
>
Ja ne!!
>
Richard Beaubien

Matsunaga Mikage "Chemistry Forever!!!"

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Fanfic homepage <http://www.anime.usacomputers.net/~beaubird>

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